

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,
Friday Evening, April 12, 1877.

W. F. WALTON, Editor.

Our Candidates.

The Conventions met here yesterday and in accordance with the vote of the primary election on Saturday, nominated Col. J. H. Bruce for Senator for this district, and John S. Owlesy, Esq., for Representative for Lincoln county. Both of these gentlemen are too well and favorably known to require any eulogy from us at this time. They are honest and true Democrats, and gentlemen that will do honor to the respective offices to which they will, without doubt be elected. Maj. McFerran, the defeated candidate for Senator was present, expressed his acquiescence in the action of the Convention and promised an earnest support of the nominee. He has made many warm friends during his canvas, and we hope that it may be in their power before a great while, to elect him to an office both interesting and honorable.

A CUNNING FER.—Mr. O. R. Flurnoy is canvassing this county for the *Illustrated Weekly*, published in New York, by Cluett & Co. The subscription price is \$4 per year, and in addition to sending you one of the best illustrated papers in the country, you receive a handsomely mounted chromo, on cloth 24x30, of any one of the following: Watkins Glen, Old Kentucky Home, American Fruit, and a representation of Hope. The advantage of paying your subscriptions to Mr. Flurnoy is, that you get your picture from him immediately, on receipt of the subscription price. This is the best offer we have heard of anywhere, and it will be to your interest to see Mr. F. at once. Mr. Flurnoy is also agent for a frame factory, and can have your pictures framed at prices greatly below those of this locality.

A RUMOR named Morton, if we can believe the *Courier-Journal*, has been passing himself off on the Louisville Hotels as the Editor of this paper. We denounce him as a cheat and a swindler and hope the C. J. will give us the benefit of a correction. (This is the way we will get off from having to shoot these fellows for printing our name in that way.)

THE TROOPS were promptly removed from the State House at Columbia last Tuesday, and Governor Hampton is now in undisputed possession of his rights, while the Palmetto State again takes her place in the sisterhood of States. There was no excitement or disturbance, and Chamberlain, seeing that his jig was up, withdrew, but, however, until he had written an address to the Republicans of the State, stating his wrongs, and declaring his firm belief that he was honestly elected. But then his honest belief is far from being the belief of honest men. That a new era of peace and prosperity will now dawn on the unfortunate State of South Carolina is assured and "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

THESE are some probability now that trains over the C. S. R. R. will commence running before very long. The hill that passed the House in the Ohio Legislature a week ago has been reconsidered, and the amendment which was to it when passed by the Senate, was adopted by the House. This amendment gives the Trustees the power to laye rolling stock and operate the road, at least long enough to ascertain the probable cost or profit of running it. We learn from high authority, that trains will be running regularly from Cincinnati to Somersett within two months, but the promise has been made so often that the promises along the line have decided not to be fooled again, but will believe it all when they see the cars.

RAILROAD communication with Nicholasville will be cut off after the first of May till the C. S. R. R. commences to run trains. The latter Company, the owners of the road between Lexington and Nicholasville, have notified the Kentucky Central that they will not let it longer than that time, as it does not wish to incur the expenses of repairing the tracks at Lexington, which has been pronounced unsafe. The stoppage of trains to that point will cause great inconvenience to the traveling public, but it is hoped that the C. S. R. R. will soon remedy it.

THE author (Dr. Mullenburg,) of that beautiful hymn, "I would not live away," after experiencing "lurid mornings for the last 55 years, has gone "where the saints of all ages in harmony meet." His great grandfather was the founder of the German Lutheran Church in this country, and he himself, devoted his entire life to the service of the Lord, and was widely known for his charitable library.

By the ambiguous wording of the act of Congress, granting \$1,500,000 to aid in the Centennial Exhibition enterprise, the stock-holders of the concern have determined to reward it as a gift, and divide the profits accordingly. But the U. S. Supreme Court has put a little damper on their hopes, by deciding that the fifteen hundred thousand must be paid before any dividends are declared.

The Central Kentucky Medical Association meets next Wednesday, 18th inst., in Lancaster, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The debate will be opened by Dr. Steele Bailey, of Stanford, on *Hip-Joint Disease*, its diagnosis, pathology and treatment. Delegates to the American Medical Association will be chosen at this meeting.

The Mountain Echo, which changed hands several weeks ago, is far from being improved by the operation. It is printed without any regard to appearance, and has adopted the abominable folio shape, which, while it appears enlarged, is really the same size as before. Each advertisement is printed at least twice in the same issue, while some advertisers get the benefit (if there is any) of a triple insertion. This is done, not however, for the benefit of the advertiser, but to save composition and "fill up." A thorough renovation in every department is necessary, and we hope a word to the wise will be sufficient.

The Commission that was sent by Hayes to Louisiana don't seem to be doing much. The people look on them with suspicion and Gov. Nielson will hear to no compromise, nor ask any favors. Like Wade Hampton, he demands that the troops be withdrawn and the State is forced without Federal assistance. The chronic Gubernatorial aspirant from this State is confident that the Commission will be unable to accomplish any thing and it will soon return from the State disgusted with its own little self.

OWENS, of the *Somerset Reporter* is lowering the dignity of the Editorial profession by bandying epithets with the County Judge of Pulaski. The "boy editor" gives him some terrible rubs though, and if he keeps on and can prove his assertions, as he no doubt can, Barnes will be a candidate and pledged his support to the new jail that he has been trying so hard to have built.

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LAST Tuesday, twelve years ago, Gen. R. E. Lee surrendered his brave little army at Appomattox; yet to those of us who remember with horror the dreadful scenes of those days, it seems but yesterday. It is a good time to moralize on the old adage, "We take no note of time but from its loss," but we will spare our readers the torture of the effort.

A. M. SWOPE, Esq., formerly of this county, has received the appointment of Collector of Internal Revenue for this District, and not R. P. Stoll, as stated last week. Mr. Swope will, no doubt, make a good officer.

THE Southern Hotel at St. Louis, one of the largest and finest buildings in the country caught fire yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, and was entirely consumed. About 50 persons perished in the flames.

THE Republicans now admit that the next House will be Democratic by 12 majority. This is some consolation, even if we were cheated out of the Presidency.

John Sam Owlesy nominated.

A Convention of the Democratic party of Lincoln county assembled at Stanford on the 12th day of April, 1877, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative, pursuant to a call of the County Committee, made on the 5th day of March, 1877, and was called to order by Hon. W. O. Hensford, Chairman of the Democratic Committee of Lincoln county. The following delegates were in attendance: From Waynesburg precinct, E. S. Goode and J. T. Murphy; Highland, D. A. Ring; Crab Orchard, W. O. Hensford; Walnut Flat, Tim Higgins; Stanford, Eli Hubbell; J. A. Paxton, J. M. Reid, W. G. Welch and W. H. Miller; Tavarieville, Wm. C. Bailey and T. J. Foster; and Hustonville, Thos. Robison, Joe Cohen and J. C. Carter.

On motion of J. M. Reid, Hon. W. O. Hensford was selected Chairman, and E. S. Goode Secy. The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a nominee Representative, the delegates casting the votes of their several precincts in the same proportion as was directed by the several precinct meetings, held on the 6th day of April, 1877, with the following result: J. S. Owlesy and L. D. Goode being the only candidates voted for:

OWLESY.	GOODE.
36	46
35	35
31	28
4	39
31	31
47	8
147	21
333	169

It was therefore declared that of the 150 electoral votes which this Convention is entitled to cast, John Sam Owlesy has received 93-64-67, and L. D. Goode 53-37.

John S. Owlesy, having received a majority of all the votes cast, is hereby declared the nominee of the Democratic party of Lincoln county for the office of Representative. The unanimous appointed W. H. Miller, J. M. Reid and Jas. Paxton a Committee to wait upon Hon. J. S. Owlesy and inform him of the action of this Convention, in conferring upon him the nomination.

Hon. John S. Owlesy was, after a time, introduced by the committee, and accepted the nomination, thanking the party for the honor conferred.

Hon. W. O. Hensford, as Chairman of the Committee and of this Convention, congratulated the party on the good will and harmony which has prevailed in the party throughout the contest, and asked that there should be a thorough organization in support of the nominees. The Secretary directed to request publication of these proceedings in the *Interior Journal*, *Kentucky Advocate*, and *Courier-Journal*, and then the Convention adjourned without day.

W. H. HENSFORD, Clerk.

Nomination of J. H. Bruce.

The Democratic Executive Committee of the 18th Senatorial District, assembled at Stanford, Ky., pursuant to its order made on the 5th day of March, 1877, for the purpose of designating and sending the result of the Convention and selecting the date of April, 1877, to call a Democratic candidate for the State Senate and was called to order by Hon. W. O. Hensford, of Lincoln county, Chairman of the Committee.

The following members of the committee, being a full delegation, appeared: W. L. Caldwell, of Boyle; J. B. Stone and Dr. F. O. Young, of Casey; Maj. Walton, of Garrard; W. O. Hensford, of Lincoln.

J. B. Stone and Dr. F. O. Young, presenting proper credentials, were authorized to represent Casey county in lieu of J. W. Whipple, Chairman of the county committee.

J. B. Stone was appointed Secretary, and Dr. F. O. Young, Assistant Secretary.

Return of the vote of the counties comprising the 18th Senatorial District properly authenticated as required by the order of this Committee were presented and counted, as follows:

County.	McFeran.	Boyle.
Casey	137	250
Garrard	189	79
Lincoln	308	39
Total	455	318

It is therefore declared by the Committee that J. H. Bruce, of Garrard county, has received of the 48 electoral votes to which the 18th Senatorial District is entitled in Convention 323.

And that J. H. Bruce, having received a majority of all the votes cast, is hereby declared the Democratic nominee for the office of State Senator from the 18th Senatorial District. Maj. R. W. McFerran, of Boyle, county, being present, withdrew his name as a candidate and pledged his support to the nominee.

Ordered that the Secretary request the Democratic paper of this district and the *Courier-Journal*, to publish the proceedings of this meeting. And then the Committee adjourned without day.

W. O. Hensford, Chm.
F. O. Young, Asst. Secy.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

LANCASSTER, April 12th.

The auspicious month of April is upon us, when every promised pleasure is threatened with grievous downfall at the hands of the sun.

On Saturday evening, notwithstanding a dismal sky, the performance at the Town Hall was patronized by a large and appreciative audience, among whom were not a few Stanford friends. The Canaries, so often deferred on account of death or sickness, was at last in danger of total suspension, but for the timely assistance of Miss Belle Johnston, hitherto a pupil of Franklin Institute. This young lady's accurate knowledge of music enabled her to acquire in a few hours the parts assigned, and she acquitted herself creditably. A friend has promised to write a more detailed account for the columns of the *JOURNAL*, so we merely notice thus briefly the exhibition. Danville, Richmond and the surrounding neighborhoods were largely represented in the auditorium.

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W. H. HENSFORD, Clerk.

WILLIAM WELCH.

APRIL 10, 1877.

Mr. Editor: It is seldom we rush into print, (this time *is*) but permit space in your valuable and widely circulating journal for a passing tribute to the merits of the young ladies in Franklin Institute last Saturday evening. The stage of the City Hall, which has never been equalled in scenic splendor, was tastefully draped with lace and cloth bearing the colors of the Rainbow, the Melodrama about to be performed.

At an early hour the seats were filled with a most attentive and select audience, and at 8 o'clock, the curtain rose upon Mrs. Jarley and her rare collection of living statuary—Miss Rose Brown as Mrs.

Jarley, was attired in the quaint costume of the original in "The Old Curiosity Shop," and was simply intimitable in the delivery of the amusing lecture that concluded this burlesque performance. It would afford no pleasure to particularise and characterize this amazing lecture, but refrain from commencing too much space.

At the conclusion of act 1, the whole collection was brought out and wound up by a heavy break in the rear, when all were in motion to clear the stage.

With the privilege of breeding next season should the mare fail to be in foal, or change of charge.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

It will be the year old, white, with the mane of 1977, beginning on the 1st of March and ending 1st of July, at the stable of Waterford & St. Paul, in Louisville, Ky.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 18, 1877.

Two Blue-grass Gentlemen's Visit to Casey.

SILENT SILENT, April 18, 1877.

Mr. Editor: As a friend to your valuable paper, I earnestly petition that the following may find space in the columns of your journal:

Two dashing young gentlemen of the Blue-grass country made a visit, about the first of last December, to Casey county. After reaching the line they concluded they would make their visit out among the hills and valleys approximating the Southern part of the county.

No sooner did this happy thought strike them, than they harness'd a wild pony to their splendid new buggy and set forth upon their journey. Leaving the pleasant little village of — about 1 or 2 o'clock, and after three or four hours fast driving, they arrived at a grim old castle situated in one of the sequestered, yet, beautiful and romantic valleys of Casey, surrounded by its towering oaks, poplars, firs and pines.

The gentlemen were received by a little boy and ushered into the family sitting room where a good old wood fire was blazing brightly on the old hearth-stone, which was very agreeable to their feelings after their extremely cold ride over ten or twelve miles of rough dirt road. (Perhaps I ought to mention the fact that their visit was to see some young ladies.)

And by and by, a couple of young ladies came in, accompanied them to the parlor, where all passed the evening in agreeable and edifying conversation; and not until the wee hours came on, did the young gentlemen get their cue to leave. Finally, after the old clock on the mantle chimed the hour of twelve, they ordered their pony and buggy set off for the village of —, seemingly quite elated with their visit to the old castle.

For the sake of convenience, I will call them Tom and Harry. Tom says to Harry:

"Harry, let's go back another way. It is somewhat better than the way we came."

Harry, who had not yet fully recovered from the jolts received coming out, was almost transported with the idea of a better way, and said:

"Yes, Tom, I'm perfectly willing and anxious to try another way."

Remember this was a cold, dark, December night, and not very favorable for traveling over a somewhat rough road. They did not travel far until they met with a slight accident, but, being young men of some resolution, they were not to be discouraged by trifles, and having the will to go home, they thought they would find a way. Tom now says to Harry:

"Harry, you get in the buggy and drive and I'll lead." No sooner said, than done.

By this time they had reached a hill which they had to descend; Tom still said that he would lead. Poor fellow! Unlucky for him! The pony ran over him, causing him to reach the bottom, after wheeling some half dozen summersaults, his friend Harry in the buggy calling to him, Tom! Tom! where are you going, stop! stop! get in the buggy and ride.

Well, by the time he reached the bottom, Tom was willing to ride too, as he was tired of leading.

After traveling a considerable distance, they met with another slight accident.

I will here remark, by way of explanation that Tom had gone over the road before, but Harry had not, therefore, Tom would try to console him by saying to him, "We will soon be to where the road is pretty good."

Well, by this time they had a lame fore wheel, and as the road was rather siding, all the weight was, most unfortunately, thrown upon this crippled wheel. They now began to gaze at each other, while despair was lost setting around their hearts, for each secretly felt the unavoidable misfortune which threatened them every instant. At last it came the wheel fell off, distributing the spokes in every direction.

Now was a time to say woe! woe! in reality, and for miles around, the hills and valleys echoed the command. Now was the crisis. What was to be done? There were, six or seven miles from the village, with a broken buggy, a tired horse, and a little fatigued themselves, I conjecture. They both exclaimed, "What will we do?" Well, they were not long in suspense, as they thought soundly and reasoned methodically. One says to the other: "Let's get a long pole and run under the fore axle-tree letting it rest upon the hind one. This, also, was agreed upon, and the pole, with no little difficulty, was finally procured. They placed the remnant of the shattered wheel in the buggy, and were once more ready to set forth upon their journey.

Harry now says to Tom: "Tom, the buggy must be balanced, so you just light on to the end of the pole, and hold fast to the top of the buggy, which I will let down, and I'll take the whip and ride the pony." Tom very reluctantly took his position— Harry mounted the pony, and the little party was again on the road.

They did not travel very far until the pony ran into a pond of water, some two or three feet in depth, and as there was an embankment several feet high, just in front of them, the pony very naturally refused to mount. Now, by the eye of imagination just look at poor Tom, on the pole, over his boot-tops in water.

Tom cried out, "Harry what must I do?" "Why, just wade out," said the somewhat angry and disconsolate Harry. Tom obeyed. (Remember this was a cold December night.)

They now went bravely to work to bring out the buggy which was soon accomplished. Throwing away their weak pole, they supplied its place by procuring a strong fence-rail, and again resumed their respective positions, namely: Harry on the horse and Tom on the rail.

After driving an hour or so, they reached the pike. In order to render them more miserable, they found they would not reach town before the inhabitants would be astir. After reaching the pike, as Harry had the more pleasant situation, he says to poor Tom:

"Now Tom, I'm going to — so you hold tight there," and he laid ship to the poor little pony, which, I imagine, by this time, could barely raise the lope. Every few minutes he would look back, and by the dawning light in the far East, he could see poor Tom bravely trying to keep his position on the rail.

Well, we will now look at them as they enter the city. They both momentarily exclaimed—"Thank God, no one is stirring." But as this was a little too loud, it waked one old chicken, and he thinking that they were coming to bring the news of Tilmon and Hendricks' election, greeted them with a loud, cheering crow, which was cheerfully responded to by quite a number of his feathered brethren. (This was long before the Presidential bundle was settled.)

Finally, the buggy was stored carefully away, sent to the shop, same was well repaired, and the last account I had, it was on its way to the Bluegrass, bitterly regretting its visit to Casey.

As to what has become of Tom, Harry and the pony, I am unable to say, but I truly hope they may live to a good old age; and I am almost tempted to say to Harry, that when the pony dies he should erect a monument to the memory of the noble animal.

Remember, boy, "saint hearts never wear fair ladies."

Poor Tom and Harry! they will always have my sympathy, and I will close by invoking the sympathy of all the readers of the JOURNAL upon them, especially poor Tom.

Yours truly,
"LITTLE DOTT."

Mark Modestus.

In a certain pleasant town in the country of Surrey, England, there was a cricket ground nearly surrounded by houses. One fine morning just after a great match had been played, the secretary of the club received a letter from a lady "of certain age," the proprietor of one of the adjacent houses, declaring that her delicacy had repeatedly been aggravated by the sight of gentlemen "in every stage of youth," putting on their cricketing flannels in the open dressing tent just before her windows. Would the secretary, therefore, she entreated, make arrangements for ridding her of this disengaging spectacle? The secretary wrote an apologetic note to Miss Fiefe, and at the match the dressing-tent was placed at the opposite corner of the cricket ground, at least 300 yards from the lady's windows. Imagine the secretary's astonishment at receiving the next morning a second letter thanking him for his "obviously kind intentions," but regretting that they were of no avail, as she "could see the gentleman's legs with a telescope, just as plainly as before."

The judges at the recent Godfrey trial for murder in Paris, were exceedingly referential to the prisoner, that the Chérifie pays its respects to them as follows: "So, my good friend you acknowledge having killed your wife?" "Yes, Judge." "I permit you to observe that you were perhaps a little too rough in opening her throat with a razor." "I was, Judge." "I would suggest, then, if you have again, that it will be better not to have a razor in the house." "I will promise you, Judge." "Do my questions fatigue you? If so, we can postpone the trial until to-morrow." "They do not Judge." I would very much like to have a verdict to-day. I am very uncomfortable in prison." "You are uncomfortable! Why did you not let me know? I could have sent you to a country house I have near Paris, and every Sunday we could have gone fishing together."

Yesterday evening as a couple of ladies were passing Fifth Avenue they were approached by a stranded fellow, who blandly accosted them, saying: "It's a pleasant evening ladies." The ladies did not reply, and the gentleman (?) nothing daunted, kept pace with them, and again ventured to say: "It's a pleasant evening ladies." "Do you really think so?" asked one of the fair damsels, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Why, of course I do," said the fellow, laughing his sweetest. "Well, then, suppose you take one."

There was recently a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the Judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "Not Guilty." A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defendant, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B—, said the Judge; "but, to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

The White House Bistrock.

A correspondent wishes the receipt given some years since for the white-wash used on the east end of the White House. For his benefit and the benefit of others, it is repeated. Take one-half bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whitening, and one pound of clear glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire in a small kettle with a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dust. It should be put on hot, and for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Fine or coarse brushes may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Buildings or fences covered with it will take a much longer time to burn than if they were painted with oil paint. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade desired. Spanish brown will make reddish pink when stirred in, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a reddish stone color; yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mixed with lime; it destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel. —[New York Tribune.]

A Carolina Calabash.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—sixteen feet and a half. In forty minutes his pen travels a mile, and in five hours and a third a mile. We make on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute we must make four hundred and eighty-eight to each second; in an hour twenty-eight thousand and eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; and in a year of three hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred thousand. The man who makes a million strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark three hundred miles long to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter in the ordinary alphabet we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and a half to four. —[Hurst's Weekly.]

He Wouldn't Get Safe.

Old Si asked another darky last evening: "Look here, who dat man? dat man dat preached at de chuch las' night?" "Dat wiz, er—I fergit his name—but he's a pou'ful lawyer heah in his town!" "Oh, go 'way; I ain't 'quirein' arter him!" "Well, dat's who dat wiz." "An' dat man got up dar an' spoke dat good trule 'n' wiz a lawyer ter boot?" "Dat's what I sed hit, and dat set hit wid me; cause when Ize dozin' 'round in er which dat ain't endorsed an' dat's a man in de pulpit dat Jordan water on one shoulder un' melted on 'dudder, dat's too dangerous a place for dat nigger, ter heah me in time." —[A Negro Constitution.]

BEATTY'S Golden Tongue PARLOR ORGANS.

True, V. P. D., Niagara, N. Y. —
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